That robs and murders ſilly paſſengers,
I torturd aboue the rate of common law.
Suff. Tuſh my Lord, theſe be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arreſt thee on high treaſon heere,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill ſuch time as thou canſt cleare thy ſelfe.
King. Good vncle obey to his arreſt,
I haue no doubt but thou ſhalt cleare thy ſelfe,
My conſcience tels me thou art innocent.
Hum. Ah gracious *Henry*, theſe dayes are dangerous
And would my death might end theſe miſeries,
And ſtay their moodes for good King *Henries* ſake,
But I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thouſands more muſt follow after me.
That dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords fiery eyes ſhewes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoghts,
And dogged *Yorke* that leuels at the Moone,
Whoſe ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioyn'd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious Lady and ſoueraigne Miſtreſſe,
Cauſleſſe haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I ſhall not want falſe witneſſes enough,
That ſo amongſt you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,
A ſtaffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suff. Doth he not twit our ſoueraigne Lady here,
As if that ſhe with ignominious wrong,
Had ſuborn'd or hired ſome to ſweare againſt his life.
Qu. But I can giue the loſer leaue to ſpeake.
Hum. Far truer ſpoke then meant, I loſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners hearts, they play me falſe.
Buck. Heele wreſt the ſence, and keepe vs here al day
My Lord of Wincheſter, ſee him ſent away.
Car. Who's within there? Take in Duke Humfrey,

And ſee him garded ſure within my houſe.
Hum. Oh, thus King *Henry* caſts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull ſhepheard from his ſide,
Whilſt wolues ſtand ſnarring who ſhall bite him firſt,
Farwell my ſoueraigne, long maiſt thou enioy
Thy fathers happy daies, free from annoy.
Exit Humfrey with the Cardinals men.
King. My Lords, what to your wiſdoms ſhal ſeem beſt
Do and vndo as if our ſelfe were heere.
Qu. What, wil your highneſſe leaue the Parlament?
King. I *Margaret*, My heart is kild with griefe,
Wheere I may ſit and ſigh in endleſſe mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloſter he is none.
Exit King, Salisbury and Warwicke.
Qu. Then ſit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham Yorke and *Somerſet.*
Let vs conſult of proud Duke *Humfries* fall,
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For ſafety of our King and Common-wealth.
Suf. And ſo thinke I Madam, for as you know,
If our King *Henry* had ſhooke hands with death,
Duke Humfrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to paſſe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barkes not when he would ſteale the Lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We ſhould not queſtion if that he ſhould liue.
Yorke. No, let him die, in that he is a Fox,
Leaſt that in liuing he offend vs more.
Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do riſe in armes for him.
Yorke. Then do it ſodainly my Lords.
Suff. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.
Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my houſe.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Qu. How now ſirrha, what newes?